

## The Critic

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To O. W. H. on his 75th Birthday.

DEAR WENDELL, why need count the years  
Since first your genius made me thrill,  
If what moved then to smiles or tears,  
Or both contending, move me still?

What has the Calendar to do  
With poets? What Time's fruitless tooth  
With gay immortals such as you  
Whose years but emphasize your youth?

One air gave both their lease of breath;  
The same paths lured our boyish feet;  
One earth will hold us safe in death,  
With dust of saints and scholars sweet.

Our legends from one source were drawn,  
I scarce distinguish yours from mine,  
And *don't* we make the Gentiles yawn  
With 'You remembers?' o'er our wine!

If I, with too senescent air,  
Invade your elder memory's pale,  
You snub me with a pitying 'Where  
Were you in the September Gale?'

Both stared entranced at Lafayette,  
Saw Jackson dubbed with L. L. D.  
What Cambridge saw not strikes us yet  
As scarcely worth one's while to see.

Ten years my senior, when my name  
In Harvard's entrance-book was writ,  
Her halls still echoed with the fame  
Of you, her poet and her wit.

'Tis fifty years from then to now;  
But your last leaf renews its green,  
Though, for the laurels on your brow  
(So thick they crowd), 'tis hardly seen.

The oriole's fledgelings fifty times  
Have flown from our familiar elms;  
As many poets with their rhymes  
Oblivion's darkling dust o'erwhelms.

The birds are hushed, the poets gone  
Where no harsh critic's lash can reach,  
And still your winged brood sing on  
To all who love our English speech.

Nay, let the foolish records be  
That make believe you're seventy-five:  
You're the old Wendell still to me,—  
And that's the youngest man alive.

The gray-blue eyes, I see them still,  
The gallant front with brown o'erhung,  
The shape alert, the wit at will,  
The phrase that stuck but never stung.

You keep your youth as yon Scotch fir  
Whose gaunt line my horizon hems,  
Though twilight all the lowlands blurs,  
Hold sunset in their ruddy stems.

You with the elders? Yes, 'tis true,  
But in no sadly literal sense,—  
With elders and co-evals too,  
Whose verb admits no preterite tense.

Master alike in speech and song  
Of fame's great antiseptic style,  
You with the classic few belong  
Who tempered wisdom with a smile.

Outlive us all! Who else like you  
Could sift the seedcorn from our chaff,  
And make us with the pen we knew  
Deathless at least in Epitaph?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WOLLATON, 29th August, 1884.

Mary Reynolds and "Archibald Malmaison."

'I LET YOU into a secret,' said Goethe once to Robinson, when they were speaking of his 'Carnival at Rome'—'Not an item is invented. I stood on a balcony of my lodgings in the Corso and jotted down everything I saw. We poets are a much more matter-of-fact people than they who are not poets have any idea of.' The same might be said perhaps of the realism of romances. 'To invent psychological attributes does not lie within the province of the romancer,' declares Mr. Hawthorne himself; and 'fiction, being an imitation of truth, ought to be glad of being saved the trouble of invention.' But while the romancer admits this as a theoretic limitation to the general scope of his work, he wisely guards the secret of the realistic basis of any particular story; and if the reader, having enjoyed the story to the utmost, is plagued with the vulgar malady of wishing to know whether it is possibly true, he may find out for himself perhaps by studying the history of the abnormal phenomena of consciousness.

No one of Mr. Hawthorne's critics, English or American, has, to the present writer's knowledge, so much as suggested that the unique and startling physiological and psychological conditions whereon rests the story of 'Archibald Malmaison' are either taken directly from a well authenticated case of double consciousness, or are so similar thereto as to make the coincidence one of the most remarkable in literature. And, therefore, in order to state what is the realistic basis of the story, or it may be to call attention to the remarkable coincidence, it is proposed herein to compare the life of Mr. Hawthorne's hero, Archibald Malmaison, with the life of Mary Reynolds, who, born in England near the close of the last century, came in childhood to America, and, having lived for a while in New York, went to Pennsylvania, where she passed the rest of her long life.\*

(1) Each is at first slow of intellect, and singularly devoid of the imaginative faculty. (2) Each, after some years, has a fit, in both cases presumably epileptic. (3) Each then passes into an unnaturally long and profound slumber. (4) Each awakens therefrom in a state of second infancy, there being no recollection of previous existence, no retention of previous knowledge and experience, no recognition of father, mother, sister, no remembrance even of the person's own name. (5) Each, as an exception to the general loss of knowledge, retains some of it during sleep, the hero showing this by somnambulism, the girl by subsequent recollection of dreams. (6) Each, as an exception to the general loss of speech, retains the power of muttering instinctively, or automatically, certain words learned in the preceding state. (7) Each, though virtually recommencing life as an infant in knowledge, does so with a matured faculty for acquiring knowledge and increased capacity for dealing with the facts

\* See *Harper's Monthly* for May, 1860.

of life. (8) Each develops, while in this second state, habits of solitude, secrecy, and utter fearlessness. (9) Each conceives wholly unjustifiable antipathies to friends. (10) Each relapses suddenly from this into the previous state of intellectual inferiority, recommencing life at the very point where consciousness had been interrupted by the passing into the second state. (11) Each now regains possession of all the knowledge and experience acquired formerly in this state, and suffers a total eclipse of memory and consciousness touching all knowledge and experience acquired in the second state. (12) Each subsequently passes again into the second state, taking up the threads of life at the very point where they had been dropped in passing back to the first state, and retaining no consciousness of previous existence in the first state. (13) Each thus has two entirely separate lives, two memories, methods of reasoning, sets of feelings, prejudices, and tastes. (14) Each is in general of a gloomy, reserved, reticent nature. And (15) in the case of each the successive alternations from the one state to the other come to an end at nearly the same period of life; for Archibald dies (thank Heaven!) and Mary stops her fits and foolishness and settles down permanently, in the second state, to live the life of a consistent Christian woman!

It is not necessary to insist that it is not the writer's wish to make 'Archibald Malmaison' appear less a work of genius by giving it a realistic basis or tracing its realistic parallel. Quite the reverse. For Mr. Hawthorne is, after all, the indisputable and illustrious father of Archibald, whether or not Mary Reynolds is his mother. It may be well, if not wholly relevant, to add that during the natural lifetime of Miss Mary Reynolds (I beg their pardon,—the *Misses* Mary Reynolds) they did not enter into matrimony. For these two estimable ladies had joint tenure of but a single body; and while each would gladly have chosen a husband for herself, on no account could she tolerate the idea that, during her sudden and compulsory absence, he would be free to flirt with another woman of the same name!

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

### Reviews

#### "The Philosophy of the Unconscious."\*

TO A PERSON who has suffered the pains of hunger for a long period—like a savage, or the unfortunates in great cities, or the survivors of the Greely Expedition—it must be a matter for derision to read some of the statements of a modern philosopher of Germany, whose clever generalizations have been popular as never a 'philosophy' was before. Lieutenant Eduard von Hartmann may have had hardships to bear (it is on record that owing to a fractured knee he had to give up his career as a soldier), but did he ever know what it is to starve? And yet he calmly writes: 'If a more rational cultivation of the soil and a facilitated importation from less populated regions have placed a greater supply of food at the command of the civilized nations, this certainly has had the result that the *number* of the population of these civilized nations have in part very considerably increased; but is the *happiness* or the *misery* of the individual and the community thereby increased?' The misery he wishes to call attention to arises partly from the pressure of population caused by the food-supply and partly from the discontent of masses of people who have risen to higher planes of hope after they have had relief from the fear of starvation. Again, it is easy for him to talk about preferring to be an ancient German, liable to be slain, rather than a modern, exposed to financial ruin by the Strousbergs and Goulds. 'The time is at hand when theft and illegal fraud will be despised as vulgar and clumsy by the more clever rogue, who knows how to keep his attacks on his neighbor's property within the letter of the law. I would, however, rather have run the occasional risk of being slain among the

ancient Germans than in the modern civilized state to have to regard every man as a rogue and rascal until I have undeniable proof of his honesty.'

This is picturesque writing, for, given the choice, Mr. von Hartmann would never choose barbarism, and we quote it partly to show why Hartmann has had such vogue in Germany (he is unique among the ponderous writers on philosophy there); but we wish also to show by it the specious and personal quality of much of his argument. Because he has never felt, or has forgotten that he ever felt, the pure delight in existence itself which in healthy people counterbalances many of the hardships of life, when he comes to a strict balancing of the happiness and unhappiness of man, he calmly ignores that greatest factor in the equation. For invalids, hipped persons, and those who neglect fresh air and exercise, his philosophy must possess, in addition to the real charm of style and superficial learning it displays, a fascination like that of a glib, well-read comrade in ill-health, who views humanity with special insistence on the dark shades, who distorts the past, discolors the bright lights of the present and projects into the future the shadow of his own morbid mind. It does not follow that Lieut. von Hartmann lives a morbid life; all may be accounted for by the natural impulse of the partisan of a certain view of life to do his best, or his worst, in its behalf. That his 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' is, 'a reader accepts its conclusions, misleading and discouraging to manly endeavor is quite certain. Undoubtedly it will trouble and perhaps poison a certain class of minds. It will do no good to invalids, to the sedentary and phlegmatic, or to the youth of our universities who have just learned how easy it is to say pooh-pooh. Neither is it healthy mental pabulum for the old, because their lessening powers predispose them to querulousness and a dark view of things. But the reader who keeps his blood reasonably in motion and his appetite good by exercise will find that Lieutenant von Hartmann has prepared for him a very interesting salad from Schopenhauer, Buddhism and modern science. He may find that of these ingredients there is rather too much Schopenhauer and too little science of the first quality. The quantity, however, of the science we get is very liberal and a rare pleasure is in store for him who takes the trouble to see how Hartmann caught the first wind of the rising Evolutionism, and twisted it in his favor. Since he first wrote, however, Evolution has blown from other quarters of the heavens, and no longer speeds his bark with the same efficacy.

While Hartmann is the apologist of suicide and is at labor to prove the disheartening thesis that 'at the present time the sum of pain in the world outweighs the sum of pleasure,' he offers freshly and in a most impressive way an aspect of the vastly greater world that lies beyond consciousness. He tries to offer an explanation of instinct in animals and what in ourselves we call instinctive actions, and his view is finely poetical. The Pantheist will recognize his groping after an explanation for natural phenomena and at times think that Hartmann and he are at one. But whether satisfied or not, it will be his duty to thank Lieutenant von Hartmann for an exceedingly agreeable and readable book, which stirs the intellect as well as the imagination.

The appendix has a very interesting review of recent books on the physiology of the nerve-centres, and in the addenda there are notes which continue the author's combat with various critics and seek to fortify his positions by references to other works.

#### "How much I Loved Thee."

AFTER the curious expression, 'If any such are yet living, and had before been unaware of it,' in the preface to 'How Much I Loved Thee!' by Raymond Eshobel (copies to be had of the author, 1449 Massachusetts-ave, Washington), we are prepared for a good deal of confused rhetoric in the drama itself, and to find a 'Sir Ricardo' in one sentence

\* The Philosophy of the Unconscious. By Eduard von Hartmann. Authorized translation, by W. C. Coupland. 3 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co.



called 'Mr. Ricardo' in the next. The author has aimed high: he has aimed to be like Shakspeare. His drama is laid in the United States at the time of the War, but there is little to remind one of the Nineteenth Century except an occasional 'I am a Union man,' or an allusion to the blue and the gray, or a darkey who says 'sah' instead of a villain who says 'sirrah!' or a reference to 'old Connecticut' after some high-flown burst of eloquence over a dead friend, or the expression, certainly not of the Seventeenth Century, 'Vile, bounty-jumping beast.' The author has a Romeo and Juliet, a Hamlet, an Ophelia, a Lorenzo and a Jessica; he has clowns and fools and little songs, and curious twists of rhythm which all show that he has looked toward a lofty model, and we are often reminded that a cat may look upon a king without offence. But we are tempted to remind Mr. Eshobel that Shakspeare himself, if he had lived in the Nineteenth Century, would never have written his own glorious plays. He would have written novels for his Cordelia and Portia and Juliet, and never would have dared, as the modern dramatist has dared, to represent Romeo in Washington at the time of the War, exclaiming,

But, on a sudden, the light India gauze  
Was lifted in the wind, revealing her.  
O not an atom of my incarnate being  
But seemed the eagerest to be most near her;  
And every disk of blood rushed by the others,  
Thrilling foremost to meet her!

Mr. Eshobel not only aims high for his heroes and heroines and his style, but he 'adapts' whole scenes and famous passages. Unless this is intentional parody--and although we are not quite sure, we think Mr. Eshobel feels himself in lofty earnest,--the effort is not to be commended. We see no reason, for instance, to substitute, as better adapted to our own times than Shakspeare's lines on sleep, the following arrangement:

Imagine, then,  
This brain of ours to be a kind of mill,  
And sleep to be the quiet artisan  
Who mends the gear: well, then, while every wheel  
Of this imaginary mill's in motion,  
The quiet artisan--sleep, as I said,  
Can by no means get at the gear to mend it.

#### Dr. Clarke's Recent Books.\*

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE is well known as one of the ablest of the more conservative Unitarian clergyman. He has been the chief expositor of Unitarian theology during the last twenty-five years, and one who is honored alike in and out of his own religious connection. His works are always marked by a calm and judicious spirit. His connection with the Transcendental movement in philosophy and literature has helped to give breadth to his thought as well as to make him one of the foremost theologians of his time in this country. Not the least part of his reputation has been owing to his connection with the anti-slavery and other reform movements. His preaching has been marked by intellectual strength and literary taste; while his free-church movement in Boston has helped to attract a large congregation to his ministry. At an age when other men feel that the time for retirement from labor has come, he is sending out book after book in rapid succession, and all characterized by the same fine judgment and manly earnestness. The second part of his 'Ten Great Religions' appeared not long since. This was soon followed by his admirable and able book on 'The Ideas of the Apostle Paul,' while almost simultaneously with the latter appears his 'Anti-Slavery Days.' None of his books are fresher in thought or more interesting than these, the latest results of a long life of intellectual usefulness.

The work on Paul (1) may be pronounced the ablest of the

many volumes which the author has given to the public; and it may be regarded as the best recent contribution which Unitarianism has given to theological literature. To some extent the book may be accepted as an exposition of Unitarianism, and as a defence of its doctrines; but its temper is too broad to be sectarian. Dr. Clarke regards Paul as the chief interpreter of early Christianity, as the one man who made it a world-religion by his preaching and his exposition. He defends Paul against the charge of narrowness and intellectual subtlety, regarding him as catholic and spiritual-minded in an eminent degree. His aim is to interpret Paul's theological teachings in terms of modern thought and life. The success he attains in this direction is considerable, perhaps as great as has been reached by any other person. Now and then he forgets that Paul did not live in the Nineteenth Century, while his effort at simplifying is sometimes carried too far. The book is certainly one of much interest, attractive in style and thoroughly sincere in tone.

Dr. Clarke recently gave on Sunday evenings, in his church, his recollections of the anti-slavery agitation. These lectures, seven in number, are now published in a neat volume (2). They cover the whole period of that agitation, and they may serve as a brief history of it. The causes and the results are well presented, perhaps never more justly and calmly; while an element of personal recollection runs through the book, which adds greatly to its interest. No more readable book on the subject has been published, and none which gives a better general idea of the whole controversy. It adds little to our knowledge, but it brings the whole subject into clear perspective.

#### "The King's Men."\*

As 'a story of to-morrow,' 'The King's Men' is not a novelty: other authors have found it amusing to lay their scenes a century or two hence. Nor is it a success. The authors assure us that the scene is supposed to be laid at a time in the future when England will be a republic, her George V., an exceedingly poor descendant of the present Prince of Wales, having been exiled to America. There is very little to keep up the illusion, however. Occasionally the authors pull themselves together and hasten to put in an allusion to 'an old Turner' on the wall, or to the stiff costume of that ancient past, the Nineteenth Century, or to the London Times, 'now' reeled off every morning from a 'ticker'; but the general tone of the book is of to-day. Even the Jawkins episodes are by no means the creation of a very lively imagination. If we may believe Mr. Oliphant, the British nobility are even now practically to be hired as guests, though it may be another century before American millionaires will be able to hire a 'Ripon House' for the season. Even the allusion to the Boston Herald seems a slip of the pen rather than any intentional compliment to the supposed age that paper is to attain. There is something funny, it is true, in reversing the usual situation and making heroes ready to die, and condemned to die, out of the conservative class, especially when their King is about as poor a specimen of the common man as could be invented; but nothing in it is very funny, and certainly nothing in it is very serious. The King's men are attempting to restore a Humpty Dumpty to his position with the usual lack of success; but the republican sympathy that this would seem to imply is by no means prominent. In fact, the King's men are the only attractive characters in the book, and the 'People' who are represented in the ascendancy are an exceedingly ill-bred and disagreeable set. Burlesque should be more palpably burlesque. In the present case we are not sure which party we are to laugh at, or whether we are to laugh at all.

The tone of the book is unpleasant throughout. The inference is that the world a hundred years hence will be an

\* 1. The Ideas of the Apostle Paul Translated into their Modern Equivalents. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

2. Anti-Slavery Days. A Sketch of the struggle which ended in the abolition of slavery in the United States. By James Freeman Clarke. New York: R. Worthington.

\* The King's Men. By Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John T. Wheelwright. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

exceedingly disagreeable world to live in, no matter who is in power; and this will not probably prove true. The heroines are what young ladies themselves would call 'perfect sticks,' and the adventuress is really a little too bad. Nobody wants an adventuress made altogether delightful; but there was something in that kindly remorse of Thackeray's, when he would say to his daughter: 'O Annie, Annie! we must do something for poor Becky to-day! I have been making her out a great deal worse than I meant to!' There are bright bits in the book, but they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The letter from Convict No. 5—one of the aristocracy condemned for sharing in the conspiracy to restore the King—is rather good, signed as it is by 'No. 5, né James Sydney.' The description of the ruins of Chichester Cathedral, where you might easily lose yourself among the tombs, and where, if you lost yourself with the right person, your loss might be her eternal gain, is certainly good. Mr. Jawkins's effort to find the reason of a favorite's defection by inquiring, 'Has the Archbishop of Canterbury said anything to offend your irreligious scruples?' is capital. But really this is all. The trouble is that it is impossible to decide whether the authors meant us to laugh or not. If we complain of its not being laughable, it is barely possible that they may exclaim, 'Why, we never meant you to laugh!' If we complain that they have made fun of a king without elevating the idea of the 'People,' it is highly probable that they will find us exceedingly amusing. But readers who find themselves left without any ideals, even in burlesque, will never approve of the author who does it.

#### Minor Notices.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN brings out the usual number of political arraignments of one party by the other, and the literary quality of these productions is of like value with those of preceding years. In 'The History of Democracy Considered as a Party Name and as a Political Organization,' Jonathan Norcross, a Southern Republican, attacks the theory of democracy itself in order to arraign the Democratic party. His book is published for the author by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and it is thoroughly partisan throughout. A much better discussion of the same subject is to be found in 'The Democratic Party: Its Political History and Influence,' by J. Harris Patton. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) It contains a calm and thorough discussion of the history of the party not in power, with as little of the party spirit as is likely to be found in such a work.

TENNYSON'S 'Princess' has been added to Rolfe's Students' Series, of which the other volumes now ready are 'The Lady of the Lake' and 'Select Poems of Tennyson.' In general appearance these volumes are a close imitation of Rolfe's Shakespeare, issued by Harper & Bros., and like that excellent and scholarly work they meet a need which existed elsewhere than in the imagination of the editor. The present is, we believe, the first attempt to prepare a complete variorum edition of this popular poem. Mr. Dawson's 'Study,' which drew so long a letter from Lord Tennyson quite recently, is heavily drawn upon for notes. The text is that of the Macmillan edition of this year, 'with the correction of a few obvious errors.' Fair illustrations and good typography and press-work add to the value of the volume.

THE SEVENTH NUMBER of the current series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science is devoted to the 'Institutional Beginnings in a Western State.' It discusses the early history of Iowa, and the author is Jesse Macy, Professor of History and Political Science in Iowa College. This brief study is one of much interest in connection with the beginnings of political organization in the Western States. The whole series is one of great importance, and the work which is being done in this way at the Johns Hopkins University is to be highly commended. It gives indication that genuine university work is being accomplished there.

'PLEASANT AUTHORS FOR YOUNG FOLKS,' by Amanda B. Harris, quaintly and prettily illustrated, and beautifully issued by D. Lothrop & Co., is an admirable little book of its kind. The author has the rare art of not only interesting the reader in her own account of literary people, but of exciting interest in their works. Her work thus fulfils the best office of a good book: it

tempts one to read other good books. The 'Young Folks' are in no way talked down to; indeed, they are flattered by pleasant assumptions that they know a good deal already. Brief quotations are indulged in. Some of the authors pleasantly described are Scott, Miss Mitford, Lamb, Jane Austen, Leigh Hunt, Kingsley, Dr. John Brown and Pet Marjorie, Macdonald, Ruskin, and Charlotte Brontë.

'TEN DAYS IN THE JUNGLE,' by E. J. L. (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a plain and simple little sketch, by one evidently not trained to literary style, but able to select unique things to tell about her journey, and to tell them with a directness that is rather pleasing in spite of a construction of sentences which may be briefly described as epistolary. The writer is not destitute of humor, and announces that she is 'getting so frightfully burned red and brown that I shall be a good bit of color for your drawing-room. I shall look like a good curio, splash or flambé, a failure in *sang de bœuf*.' The book is as short as the journey was, but we honestly think that the average reader will enjoy it quite as much as he would Miss Bird's more elaborate 'Golden Chersonese.'

'THE ICE QUEEN,' by Ernest Ingersoll (Harpers), is neither a fairy tale nor an Arctic story, but a brief, interesting and excellent account of the adventures of some plucky lads and one spirited girl who, having to go to Cleveland, a hundred miles from their home, without much money, decided to skate there over the frozen lake, camping out on the ice at night. It is well worth reading, combining adventures not too remarkable for belief with admirable moral tone. The boys belong to the class that doesn't use too much slang, and the spirit and courage of the party are of the kind to dwell—when they are reduced to a few little snow-birds for food—on the fact that at least they have plenty of refrigerator to keep the birds from spoiling.

#### Recent Fiction.

IT IS A PITY that the little story of 'Jackanapes,' by Juliana Horatia Ewing (Roberts Brothers), does not appear in more permanent form than the little pamphlet which now contains it. With Randolph Caldecott's delightful illustrations, it is quite worthy of hard covers, and although it looks like a child's story, it is full of a delicate wit and wisdom only to be appreciated by the elders. Mrs. Ewing has only been known to us as a writer for children, but there are touches in the little tale now before us not unworthy of Thackeray. We honestly believe Thackeray would have been glad to write the interview between Jackanapes and his grandfather on the subject of the pony. And, even if he had not written it, the creator of Col. Newcomb would have delighted in the sort of pathos in that interview between Jackanapes and the Major when Jackanapes is dying:—'Say a prayer by me. Out loud, please; I am getting deaf.' 'My dearest Jackanapes—my dear boy.' 'One of the Church Prayers—Parade Service, you know.' 'I see. But the fact is—God forgive me, Jackanapes!—I'm a very different sort of fellow to some of you youngsters. Look here, let me fetch—. But Jackanapes's hand was in his, and it would not let go. There was a brief and bitter silence. 'Pon my soul, I can only remember the little one at the end.' 'Please,' whispered Jackanapes. Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do, it was his duty to do, the Major, kneeling, bared his head, and spoke loudly, clearly, and very reverently: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ'. Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right one, which still held the Major's. 'The love of God'. And with that—Jackanapes died.

'THE VOYAGE OF THE VIVIAN,' by Thomas W. Knox, beautifully bound and printed on fine paper with wonderfully good illustrations (Harpers), and having for its sub-title 'The North Pole and Beyond,' recounts the adventures of two youths in the open polar sea. It follows the general plan of the author's other works of a similar nature—'The Boy Travellers in the Far East,' etc.—and is generally most excellent, entertaining to readers of any age. It has, however, one fatal mistake. The author intends the scenes of the voyage and the incidents and adventures to be realities, and he has compiled his material largely from the genuine experiences of explorers, from the time of Martin Frobisher down to the announcement which he is able to make in his preface of the discovery of the Greely party; but believing himself that there is an open polar sea which will be reached some time, he has allowed himself to represent this polar sea and the pole itself as already reached—a plan from which we see no possible advantage, and on the contrary a good deal of harm,



in a book so much of which is truth that the young readers for whom it is intended will find it hard to realize, even with the author's frank confession and caution, that any of it is imaginative fiction.

'JOHN THORN'S FOLKS,' by Angeline Teal (Lee & Shepard), deserves a better name. Something in the very word 'folks' suggests a hopeless combination of poor dialect and still poorer story; but the little tale, though very simple and unpretending, is well written and interesting. The 'folks' are limited to John Thorn and Mrs. Thorn, popularly described as 'odder'n odd,' and although the location of the story in northern Indiana almost necessitated the divorce element to some extent, there is not very much of it. The best of the book is in its quiet pictures of homely country life, relying for interest, not on absurd methods of speech, but on quaint habits of thought and judgment.

TOURGUÉNEFF'S latest story of 'Annouchka,' translated from the author's French by Franklin Abbott (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a disappointment. It is only a sketch; but sketches, especially Tourguéneff's sketches, are so incomparably good when they are good at all, that one hardly knows what to make of a little story without either point or style, and without justification for being unpleasant in all its elements.

MRS. MULOCK-CRAIK'S 'Miss Tommy' (Harpers) is what we have been for some time receiving from her: good, sensible and amiable sentiment, somewhat needlessly prolonged and not coming to any very definite point. It is neither very interesting nor very satisfying, but is morally excellent and gently pleasing.

### "An Old Girl" Who Knew Dr. Holmes.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A thrill of surprise and a flood of pleasant memories greeted the 'Holmes number' of THE CRITIC, and among many others I regretted that I could not have been of the number who contributed to it. For I am one of the girls whom the old boy loved to celebrate, and more than a half-century ago, danced with him around the old elm on the green at Cambridge at my brother's Commencement; sipped cream with him in Winthrop Place; and, later on, walked with him on the shores of Nasharon, and listened to his Lowell lectures on the poets, when, at the end of each, he gave us a few lines in imitation of his subject. He gave us a 'Stirrup Cup,' at the end of the lecture on Scott, and we felt at though we had galloped over the hills, after fortifying ourselves with a sip of punch. The freeborn Yankee girls of whom Holmes loved to sing will be coming along by thousands, as comely and bright as their predecessors; but when they reach threescore, where, O where! will they find their Emersons, Longfellow, Holmes's, Whittiers and Lowells? Let the students of Harvard, Yale, Williams, Dartmouth and Bowdoin look to their laurels, or the poets of the South and West may outrank them. The boys are now living who will be the poets in 1934. Holmes is as truly the poet of the New England people as Burns is of the Scotch. What patriot can forget the bumper of fiery Hollands that John *did* drink when he wrought that night at Bunker Hill? What belated spouse can forget those dreadful words, 'My dear where have you been?' What boy forget the pantaloons gone, gone forever, or try to be as cunning as he can? What dude can fail to sympathize with the tailor who when Day put on his jacket and buttoned it with stars, lay down on the velvet grass with a cabbage for a pillow, and beheld a swan that reminded him of his ancestor's 'goose,' but was so cramped by the unnatural posture of his extended calves, that he returned where he could *coil* them in their wonted fashion? Moreover, who that suffers from a hot day will not remember when the mob destroyed the stoves, roll-brimstone was a drug, and the Abolitionists were so tanned they could not be told from their friends unless they had blue eyes? God bless Dr. Holmes for the many merry hours he has given me and mine! He little knows how much pleasure he has given those who enjoy a good laugh.

I too was born when pears and peaches were ripe, and the grapes were growing purple, in August 1812—just three years after the Autocrat. Alas! the girls who sailed in the first steamboats, made their first trip to Niagara by canal and stage coach, walked on the Battery in silk stockings and bronze kid slippers, played jigs and marches on pianos with eight legs and three drawers, as a rare accomplishment, danced with Commodore Hull in their girlhood and with stately General Scott in mature age, turned up their noses at such youths as Abraham Lincoln, sat for the first daguerreotypes, and used the first sewing-machines—the girls who did these things are fast passing away. And we are led to exclaim with the dear Doctor:

Pick the *left* pocket of its silver dime,

But spare the right,—it holds our golden time.

VALLEY OF THE RAMAPO, N. J., Sept. 2. L. W. H.

### Brown Fingers and Blackberries.

How delightfully in THE CRITIC of August 9 Miss Thomas takes us a-berrying! I suppose my blackberrying days have gone long enough for them now to pass into the militia rank of memories; but it is a quite distinct memory I have of the time when I was a member of that troop, for whose 'nimble brown fingers' the rough briers let down their purple-black fruitage so readily. I do not wish to question the thoroughness of Miss Thomas's observation or information, but in those days of brown fingers and faces, and sunburnt hair, and old straw hats bearing many scars from bumble-bee warfare, the berries never stooped to be gathered; and we always found then, as I have found ever since, that the berries came only with endeavor—that the hardest worker had his basket fullest, and that the little brown fingers and hands and arms always took away from the berry-patch thorns and pricks and scratches in almost equal proportion to the number of berries. And the ticks! Miss Thomas does not mention them, yet what blackberry-picker can ever forget them? What early-rising, brown-fingered berryer but remembers how he used to distribute little bunches of penny-royal over his person, wherever he could find a place for it, to keep them away? I am not able to say whether it was used superstitiously, or as a terror to the ticks, or as an antidote for their woundings. Whatever its purpose, however, it always failed. And those berrying days were not pleasurable days as they might have been either. In the days of 'little brown fingers' (mine are larger now but almost as brown) what does their owner care for the fresh exhalations of the new-born day; the invigorated life of God's creation after its night of rest; the dew-drops on the grass, the bird songs in the air, the corn-tassels bowing their heads to worship the sun as he peeps up over the hill with his broad, good-morning smile! But he does care for the brambles and thorns, and the tears and scratches they will give him; for the snakes that might crawl out and bite him on the bare leg, between his wide-mouthed shoes and the bottoms of his grown-out-of pants;—and the ticks! The clusters of beautiful berries, covered with dew, over which the thrush rejoices and the catbird scolds, do not to him represent pendants of black diamonds. Poesy's alchemic light does not dwell in his eye. But all of us who used to go berrying know now that all the poetry and experience we have gained since those days have not been got without falls and scratches—that there is no rose without its thorn.

GREENE, PA., August 28.

WILL. F. MCSPARRAN.

### Thackeray as a Dramatist.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In Dutton Cook's 'Thackeray and the Theatre,' reprinted in THE CRITIC from *Longman's Magazine*, the assertion is made that 'The Wolves and the Lamb' was Thackeray's only contribution to the literature of the stage. A few weeks ago, A. T. B. DeWitt, New York, published

'Penmark Abbey,' a nautical melodrama, in three acts, by William Makepeace Thackeray, translated from the original French by Henry Llewellyn Williams.' The publisher states that the play was never before published in English, and on the title-page prints the following note by the translator :

After W. M. Thackeray had lost his patrimony in the fruitless attempt to found the London *Constitutional* newspaper, he returned to Paris, where he had a host of friends among literary and artistic devotees, chiefly of the Romantiques school. He sought to support himself by his pen and pencil ; but his handling of the latter was mediocre, and he was driven to employ the other implement to carve out fortune. Paris has always been distinguished for three remarkable classes—printers, publishers, and theatrical managers—who afford a channel for rising talent, particularly if their own vanity be flattered. Hence, Thackeray at once found an opening for the melodrama (much in the vein of Douglas Jerrold's naval pieces) at the minor theatre of the St. Antoine Gate, in the most popular quarter, whose director, Pierre Tournemine, a Bohemian of letters in a mild way, would put anything on his little stage, on condition that he would be named as the author's co-worker. But the reader will see that nothing at all of a foreign hand interpolated lines in a work so full of English spirit, fervent love of 'longshore life, and perfectly pure love, filial and maid-only. It is to be regretted, therefore, that Thackeray found no encouragement in England as a playwright, when he obtained his due position. But until Mr. Boucicault broke the fetters, an English dramatist was the London managers' ill-fed, condemned slave.

'Penmark Abbey' was produced at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Antoine, Paris, February 1, 1840. The question arises whether this was the only play written by Thackeray in French.

CHICAGO, August 25, 1884. CHARLES H. SERGEL.

### Austin Dobson in French.

AMONG the cleverest of Austin Dobson's poems are his translations from Horace, from Théophile Gautier, and from Voiture. There is a certain fitness, therefore, in the rendering into French of one of the neatest of his essays in the old French forms. The late Joseph Boulmier, who wrote a book of villanelles and an essay on that form of verse, translated into French 'When I saw you last, Rose'—Mr. Dobson's first villanelle. M. Boulmier's version has not hitherto been published. We print it to-day, accompanying it with the revised version of Mr. Dobson's poem, that the felicity of the transference from one tongue to the other may be evident.

When I saw you last, Rose,  
You were only so high—  
How fast the time goes!

Like a bud ere it blows,  
You just peeped at the sky,  
When I saw you last, Rose!

Now your petals unclose,  
Now your May-time is nigh—  
How fast the time goes!

And a life—how it grows!  
You were scarcely so shy,  
When I saw you last, Rose!

In your bosom it shows  
There's a guest on the sly—  
(How fast the time goes!)

Is it Cupid? Who knows!  
Yet you used not to sigh,  
When I saw you last, Rose—  
How fast the time goes!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Vous étiez encor petite,  
Rose, la dernière fois —  
Dieu, que le temps passe vite.

Fleur innocente qu'abrite  
Tendrement l'ombre des bois,  
Vous étiez encor petite.

Et déjà la marguerite  
Va s'effeuillant sous vos doigts —  
Dieu! que le temps passe vite!

Oh, comme se précipite  
La vie. A peine j'y crois —  
Vous étiez encor petite.

Dans votre sein qui palpite  
Se glisse un hôte sournois —  
Dieu! que le temps passe vite!

Chez vous Cupidon s'invite:  
Adieu, la paix d'autrefois!  
Vous étiez encor petite:  
Dieu! que le temps passe vite!

JOSEPH BOULMIER.

### The Lounger

THE Russian police authorities are an intelligent set of men, almost as remarkable for this quality as some of our own officials. They have recently driven M. Kervelli, a well-known bookseller of Karkoff, out of the country, because he got rich by selling books, and they could not understand how a man could make money in such a business in Russia where a bookseller is bound down by so many absurd laws. M. Kervelli did keep within the law, and although the police surprised him on several occasions

and ransacked his stock, they could find nothing of a seditious nature, either at his store or at his house, but they arrested him and kept him in jail for eight months on the ground that he must be a dangerous man, or he would never have come off so well from their searches of his house and shop! 'You have done nothing openly illegal, I admit,' said the Chief of Police, 'but that only shows how very prudent you are, and, therefore, all the more dangerous. It is true, also, that we have found no forbidden literature in your possession. All the same, we know quite well that it is possible so to arrange an assortment even of authorized books as to spread subversive ideas quite as effectually as if they were revolutionary pamphlets printed at Geneva.' M. Kervelli, who is a Frenchman, appealed to the French consul; but the most that could be done for him was to get his sentence ameliorated. Instead of being driven to Siberia he was sent to Paris.

THE London *Spectator* does not like it, because Mr. Richard Grant White in 'The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys' makes Englishmen of rank drop the *g* from their *ings* and the *h* from *hotel*. It is very silly of *The Spectator* to deny that such Englishmen are guilty of these misdeeds. I know any number of Englishmen of birth and education, who would no more drop the *h* in other words than would Queen Victoria, but who always say 'an 'otel.' They are less apt, I think, to drop the *g* from *ing*, but they all say 'figger' for figure, and, what is worse, speak of their ears as 'years.' When their attention is called to the latter mispronunciation, they deny it with the word on their lips. They do not seem to see the difference in sound. They own up to 'figger,' however, and say that figure, pronounced as we pronounce it, is vulgar.

IT IS ODD to notice how difficult it is for a writer to make any change, however slight, in his signature, after it has once got into the title-page of a book. Just now, Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has dropped a W. out of the middle, and Mr. Brander Matthews, who has dropped a J. from the beginning of his name, are often annoyed by seeing themselves referred to as Mr. E. W. Gosse and Mr. J. B. Matthews. Most people have already forgotten that Bayard Taylor was once J. Bayard Taylor, and that Bret Harte signed his first book F. Bret Harte. In like manner, Mr. Austin Dobson has dropped an H. and Mr. Laurence Hutton a J., while Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse was formerly W. Cosmo Monkhouse, and Mr. Bronson Howard once parted his name with a C. Charles Dickens had left behind him two initials, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan gave up a fourth name when he entered into literature.

'WHO reads an American book?' Everybody—particularly John Bull. *The Spectator*, I see, fully recognizes this fact. In its issue of August 16, one half of the space given up to the consideration of current literature is devoted to American books—John Burroughs's writings, the late Dr. Williams's 'The Middle Kingdom,' Mr. Ober's work on Mexico, and a recent book relating to Emerson. There is, moreover, a long review of a new edition of the Autobiography of 'Captain John Smith, President of Virginia and Admiral of New England,' and an essay on 'The Migrations of European Populations' (which migrations are, of course, mainly in the direction of America); to say nothing of a communication calling attention to the fact that 'gerrymander' is an American word. The London *Standard*, with a daily circulation of 240,000 copies, also shows a lively interest in American literature, publishing as it did on August 30 a special cablegram about the 'Holmes number' of THE CRITIC—which was copied, by the way, in the Paris *Morning News* of the following day. Apropos of which, I see that a new paper is talked of in London, to be called *The Cable*, and to be made up chiefly of special despatches from the United States and Canada. Why such a venture should not succeed, it would be hard to say.

FROM Portsmouth, New Hampshire, A. W. R. sends me the following interesting note:—A pleasant incident of Lieutenant Greely's stay here, which has escaped the ravenous reporter, but is not too sacred for the public, is especially fitted for your columns, as it reveals the fact that the hero of the hour is a critic, and a good critic. On his first visit to the shoals, he went at once to Celia Thaxter's cottage—quite unannounced, except by the fact that he was there; and the lady entered her parlor to receive a rare and deserved compliment. Lieutenant Greely told Mrs. Thaxter that on reading her poem of 'Tryst' aloud to



his men, in the near vicinity of the North Pole, he was so struck with the imaginative power that could give so exact a description of the meeting of ship and iceberg without personal experience, that he determined, if he ever reached home, to make a pilgrimage to see the writer who had accomplished it. The singular coincidence that he had been ordered by the Government to report first where he could at once express his appreciation to her made the interview in the lovely little parlor, almost fuller of flowers than it is of pictures, but with space enough, as you see, to hold a good deal of both heroism and poetry, one to be remembered.

### The Pronunciation of American Names.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

THE article by Professor Charles F. Richardson, in THE CRITIC of August 16 was both comprehensive and interesting. To one versed in the labyrinthine intricacies of English nomenclature, American names, whether personal or local, afford little scope to the imagination. Especially does the assertion hold good as to the Northern and Middle States: the Southern and Southwestern are the exceptions to the rule. In our broad continent, with its arms reaching from one ocean to another, its head frosted with the snows of Alaska and its feet lapped by the warm waters of the tropics, there is proportionately but little divergence between the orthography and the pronunciation of proper names. A long residence in the South and Southwest, however, made me acquainted with some characteristic peculiarities. Many words, simple enough as to orthography, disguise themselves in a remarkable garb of local forms of expression. Without commenting upon the Tagliafieros ('Tollivers') of Virginia, there are the Cecils (pronounced Sysls, or Sysls) the Champeneys (Chauneys), Rollestons (Rallstons), Leighs (Lees, Lays, and oftentimes Lyes), the Timberlakes (Timliks), the Ashuests (Ashetts), the Blounts (Blunts), the Eloarts (Allests), Auchtenbanches (Arbois), and the Kers (Kāres). A family of 'poor white trash' as they were called rejoiced in the name of Polly. The eldest son, an unkempt youth of nineteen, was called George Washington Polly. But the name was always written Pauline—not by the family, however, as none of them were skilled in orthography. Then the name Ralph was always Rafe and the name Helena was accented on the first syllable—an English custom, but one not usual in the North.

Especially did the Virginians delight to honor the name of James by a local transformation. It was universally called Jeems by young and old, cultivated and uncultivated alike. The famous English novelist, who for some time was resident at Richmond as English Consul, was always addressed as Mr. Jeems. His jolly, good-humored countenance was a familiar sight in the streets of Richmond where he was a general favorite. Any number of steam-engines, fast horses and pleasure boats were known (to the ear) as the G. P. R. Jeems. In Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, many other names occur, often of French, Spanish or Indian derivation, which assume a peculiar dialectal form. There is Beauchamp (pronounced Beechum), Daughy (Doty), Dockery (sometimes spelt Dackery—a contraction, it was said, of the French Du Cherie), Des Moulin (Demlin), Dupuy (Dupee), Pevensey (Pinsey), and many others which assume more or less variety in expression and pronunciation. The old city of New Orleans is delightfully quaint with the high-sounding names of its streets—Royal, Bourbon, Dauphin, etc., which of course admit of both English and French pronunciation. Take, too, the names of some of its citizens—Gayarré (pronounced Gérea), Lanier (Lanyer and Lanyeer), De la Chaise (by many called Delchaise), etc. The streets in the new part of the city bear such names as Terpsichore, Calliope, Dryade, etc., and the varied pronunciation of these classic words is amusing in the extreme. A mongrel pronunciation necessarily springs from the patois of the mixed population, which to a Northern-bred person is both amusing and amazing. As this charming old Spanish-French city becomes more and more accli-

mated to our Northern civilization, with its abundance of schools and colleges, it will doubtless assume a more erudite pronunciation of its classically named streets, but perhaps it will lose as much as it gains, in its quaint, old-time peculiarities, its child-like simplicity, and its buoyant, happy insouciance.

BURLINGTON, VT., Sept. 10, 1884. S. S. CONVERSE.

### Goethe.\*

[Prof. J. R. Seelye, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

#### I.

GOETHE seems to be rising once more above the horizon. He is the youngest of the world's great authors; the latest who has laid a claim, that seems in a fair way of being allowed, to a place above the rank of merely national authors. The books that belong to the whole world alike are few, and even of these some have owed their universal acceptance to an accident. Fewer still are the authors who have so written that their personal character, their way of thinking and feeling, becomes a matter of perpetual interest, not only in their own country and age, but in every country where men study and in every age. Goethe appears to belong to this very small group. If he is not yet formally canonized, he has long been a *Bienheureux*. If little more than half a century has passed since his death, the first part of 'Faust' has been before the world three-quarters of a century; and of his first brilliant appearance in authorship the centenary is several years behind us. When we consider not only the period through which his fascination has lasted, but also the reactions it has surmounted and the vitality it exhibits, we may see our way to conclude that his fame is now as secure as any literary fame can be, and that it will only yield to some deep-working revolution of thought—which, perhaps, it would be rash to pronounce impossible—some twilight of the gods, in which not only Goethe but also Shakspeare and Dante should fall from heaven.

If great authors are to be compared to stars, we may say of them that in the earlier stages of their immortality they do not take their place as fixed stars, but disappear and reappear with periodicity like comets or like planets. Goethe has indeed passed out of this stage in his own country, where the reaction which Börne and Heine represented was never very serious, and where the latest cry is that the tide of admiration cannot be resisted; and that it is as vain now to exclaim impatiently 'Goethe und kein Ende!' as it was for Goethe himself to exclaim 'Shakspeare und kein Ende!' at the beginning of the century. But his European fame is less settled than his national fame, and so the reappearance of Goethe before our public at the present time is a sign worth noting. It marks a new stage in his posthumous career. His English prophet, Carlyle, is gone; the generation that listened to Carlyle and studied Goethe under his advice is passing away. 'Another race hath been, and other palms are won.' And now we ask again 'Was it all true that Carlyle told us? Need we still study this foreign Goethe?' It might be some relief to be told that the fashion is past and need not be revived. For it is not much in our habits to study foreign literature. There is actually only one foreign poet who has influenced us at all profoundly or lastingly, that is Dante. Are we bound to concede this very exceptional honor to Goethe also?

Some obvious considerations might tempt us to hold ourselves excused. Carlyle used to hold up Goethe as a light in religion and philosophy; a guardian who marched before us as a pillar of fire to show the way out of the scepticism of the eighteenth century into faith and serenity. But is not this a view difficult to admit or to understand now that the eighteenth century, with its Voltaires and Fredericks and French revolutions, has receded so far into the distance; now that so many new forms of scepticism have appeared, and so many new ways of dealing with scepticism have been suggested? And if the nimbus of prophecy has faded from about his head, if we look at him again without prepossessions, as Scott or Coleridge looked at him in his own lifetime, and see in him only a distinguished literary man, the author of certain plays, novels, songs and epigrams, of certain fragments of autobiography, criticism and description, does any ground remain for paying him a homage different, not merely in degree, but in kind, from that which we render to other great literary men who have adorned the nineteenth century—to such men, for instance, as Scott or Coleridge themselves, or as Byron, or as Victor Hugo? Assuredly there is no danger that the author of 'Faust' will not take rank with the

\* To be continued.

highest of these men. But do his works justify us in raising him far beyond that rank, into the small first class of the select spirits of all time? Why rank him, for instance, with Shakspeare? It may be fair, perhaps, to say that 'Faust' would deserve rank, and even high rank, among the Shakspearian dramas; but then 'Faust' stands alone among Goethe's works. What other compositions of the first class can he produce? Is it 'Hermann und Dorothea'? That, no doubt, is very pretty and perfect. 'Iphigenie' is very noble, 'Tasso' very refined, 'Götz' very spirited, but 'Egmont' is somewhat disappointing, and almost all the other plays are unimportant, when they are not, like 'Stella,' absurd. The pathos of 'Werther' is obsolete; and is not 'Wilhelm Meister' dull in a good many parts, nay, perhaps everywhere except where it is redeemed by the exquisite invention of Mignon, or by the vivacity of the disreputable Philine? Do not even Germans sometimes acknowledge that they cannot read the 'Elective Affinities'? And who can make anything of the second part of 'Faust,' or the second part of 'Meister'? When we praise Shakspeare, we are not obliged to make so many abatements. Among his plays very few can be called failures, and a dozen at least are undoubted masterpieces. But can Goethe hold his own even against Scott in abundance of imagination? To produce his few masterpieces how much effort was bestowed? What a task of self-culture did he impose upon himself? How many large designs did he conceive and abandon? What has become of his 'Cæsar,' of his 'Mohammed,' of his 'Prometheus,' of his 'Ahasuerus,' of his great religious epic, 'Die Geheimnisse,' of his national epic on 'Bernhard von Saxe Weimar,' of his epic on 'Wilhelm Tell,' of his great trilogy of plays illustrative of the French Revolution? Of the trilogy we have a single play, 'Die Natürliche Tochter,' of some of the other works more or less considerable fragments, of some not a trace remains. Meanwhile Scott, taking life easily and making no parade of effort, pours out his poems, ballads, romances and novels without stint, finishes whatever he begins, scarcely ever fails to satisfy both himself and the whole world; and though he had a life shorter by twenty years, has left behind him a far greater mass of literature which is still amusing.

Against such objections as these what is Goethe's case? First, then, it may be admitted that Goethe, though he produced a great deal, was not one of those artists whose career is one easy and continuous triumph. The truth is that his circumstances did not admit of this. Artists are like generals, of whom some find an army ready-made, and therefore win a succession of victories, while others are reduced to prove their genius by the skilful use of insufficient means. An artist is no more to be estimated by counting his successful works, than a general simply by counting his victories. But was not Goethe one of the most fortunate of artists? Had he not long life, easy circumstances, and most generous patronage? Nay, in one respect he was among the much-tried artists who correspond to such generals as Washington or William III., generals to whom victory is difficult, because they have to make the armies they fight with.

It is often affirmed that a great poet is the outgrowth and flower of a great age, and this is true of a certain class of great poets. They live in the midst of great men, and within the rumor of great deeds; they use a language which has been gradually moulded to poetic purposes by poets who have been their precursors and whose fame they absorb. Appearing at the right moment, they reap the harvest which has been sown by others. Subjects are waiting for them, style and manner have been prepared, and a public full of sympathy and congeniality welcomes them. Such poets are not like William III. or Washington, but rather like Frederick, who inherited an unrivalled army created by his father, or like Napoleon, who wielded all the prodigious military force created and trained by the Revolution. Both Shakspeare and Scott may be said to belong to this class. The first is the normal product of the Elizabethan age, which has filled his imagination with its great deeds and the great changes it has wrought. Scott too had, in the first place, the advantage of models, in whose steps it was safe to follow, since Shakspeare himself and the great novelists had created the style and smoothed the path for him, and since in two centuries of a flourishing English literature there had grown up a common understanding between the authors and the public. But, moreover, the teeming imagination which furnished out Scott's poems and romances was also in a certain sense the result of fortunate circumstances. It was not the mere accident of a gifted nature, but the result of local and family associations. In the brain of the Borderer the wild life of his ancestors survived as a perennial spring of ballad poetry and romance. That brain was like a

haunted house upon which the strange deeds of a past generation have left their mark. He said himself that he had 'a head through which a regiment of horse had been exercising ever since he was five years old.' All the turmoil of the blood which is put to rest by the security of a settled civilization, and which had lingered longer on the Border than in any other region so near the capital seats of civilization—all the intense passions, prejudices, and superstitions which make the stock of the romancer and ballad-writer—belonged to Scott, not simply because he was a genius, but mainly because he was a Borderer—because he was a Scott.

Such a case as that of Scott, which is corroborated by the later instances of Hawthorne and Rossetti, teaches us that we ought to distinguish two kinds of poetic imagination. We often speak of the poet as if he drew his inspiration necessarily from Nature, as if he had only the sources that are open to all, but a peculiar talent of using them a power of seeing in Nature more than others see. These examples show us another kind of poetic imagination, which may be equally powerful and which strikes us also as genuine, but which does not work upon Nature. It presents images which the poet himself does not think of as real or even as symbolic of reality, which he does not regard seriously, and yet it presents these images again and again, presents them most vividly, and seems unable to present any others. Often we can trace that in these cases poetry is a survival of conviction, belief in the second generation, hereditary sentiment. Some of those who watched Rossetti at his work thought they discovered that he did not regard his own imaginations seriously; and, indeed, what other opinion can one form of the 'Song of the Beryl,' or the 'Ballad of Little Brother'? Similarly, Mr. James remarks of Hawthorne that it would be a great mistake to infer from the constant recurrence in his romances of the ideas of sin, retribution, and the stricken conscience, that Hawthorne himself was under the influence of such sombre ideas, the truth being that he was an easy-going, contented, and comfortable man. But Hawthorne's puritanic ancestors took these ideas seriously, and Rossetti's Italian ancestors in like manner furnished the beliefs which in their secondary form suggested Rossetti's pictures and poems. Of all artists it is Scott who is richest in this kind of inherited sentiment. The shrewd, good-natured, somewhat worldly Scotch lawyer lives in a world of grandiose thoughts, opinions, sentiments, convictions, out of which he composes at his ease a whole literature; and yet if you ask him what he thinks of these thoughts, opinions, sentiments, and convictions, he can only smile and evade the question. 'Superstition,' he says candidly, 'is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in good stead, but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience.' They were serious enough to his ancestors, these ideas of clannish devotion, of chivalry, of witchcraft, and demonology; but to him they have come simply by inheritance. All he knows is that when he unlocks the ample chambers of his imagination he finds them there; that they work up into capital stories, if hardly fit for practical use; that in short they are the old furniture of the house in which Nature has placed him.

The poets who have a great fund of such inherited sentiment are the fortunate poets, who create easily and abundantly. A poet is more fortunate still when the fund of sentiment he inherits is not obsolete to his reason, and when it is richly supplemented by strong and fresh sensations furnished by his own age. If to all this he add from his own genius an original power of insight into Nature and the universe—then we have the Shakspeare, who, though, as Goethe says of him, the life of whole centuries throbbed in his soul, yet is at the same time himself, since he is inspired by his own age as much as by the past and looks forward with eagerness to the future, and since he gives out from his original vitality as much as he receives whether from his ancestors or from his contemporaries.

Now Goethe does not belong to this fortunate class. He did not come into a great poetic inheritance. When we inquire whence came his imaginative wealth, we are obliged to conclude that, in the main, he must have collected it himself. So far from being the growth and representative of a great age, or the result in literature of the silent nobleness of many generations of his countrymen, this great artist grew out of a people which had been sunk for a hundred years in an imaginative impotence as well as in a national and political nullity. The citizen of a declining imperial town, in a country where, as he himself complains, the citizen-class universally wanted personal dignity, in an age when Germany had fallen behind France and England, was destitute of literature, and had suffered its very language to fall into decay, and among the upper classes into disuse; he found no poetical atmosphere about him, but had to struggle



with a reign of prosaic mediocrity that reduced him to despair. The stagnation was no mere temporary evil. An Englishman who finds, as Gray did, that he has fallen on a prosaic age, can shut himself up with Shakspeare and Milton, and forget the poverty that surrounds him in 'the pomp and prodigality of Heaven!' But in Germany the poverty was of old standing; Goethe saw no great poetic luminaries a century or two behind him. For Milton he had only Hoffmanswaldau, for Shakspeare only Gryphius and Opitz. He rejects such models, and throughout his career we find him leaning on no German predecessors but Hans Sachs, whose merit he rediscovered, and the old Middle German poet of Reineke Voss. And as Germany furnished him with no models, so she afforded few subjects. The Middle Ages were then little explored and little relished. With one vigorous effort Goethe rescues from oblivion the heroic name of Götz von Berlichingen. But he can do no more. He makes an attempt to revive the memory of the hero of his patron's house, Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, but, as we might expect, his imagination recoils in horror from 'the miserable Iliad,' so he calls it, of the Thirty Years' War. And what could the later period of Germany offer to him? That which makes history poetical—namely, nationality—was wanting there. Only in his own boyhood, when Fritz beat the French at Rosbach, did German history strike out a momentary spark of the fire which warms the poet.

The strange course which German affairs had taken for many centuries, and which had led to the ruinous disaster of the Thirty Years' War, produced pitiable effects upon the manners and ways of thinking of the people. There was a sort of dwarfishness—he himself calls it childishness—in the generation before Goethe, and in his own generation there was a painful consciousness that almost all that constitutes manhood, that self-respect, independence, patriotism, had been lost and needed to be rediscovered. They felt the loss most distinctly when they tried to write, for then they perceived that the true and right style in literature would not come to them. They could but helplessly imitate French models, and their imitations wanted the drawing-room elegance which made the chief charm of those models. When they tried to throw off the French yoke, and to speak with German frankness and simplicity, they found that instead of vigor they achieved only violence, and that their pathos turned into a miserable whine. It is this unfortunate style that our fathers ridiculed in the 'Anti-Jacobin' (where Goethe himself is ridiculed), and that still displeases us when we read 'Werther.' To throw it off was all the more difficult, because of the want of native models of a better style. When we grew tired of Pope's couplets, we had only to revive an earlier taste; but Goethe and his contemporaries were forced to go to other countries for models. They began by calling in Shakspeare; then they devoted themselves to the imitation of the ancients; then came the turn of Calderon, Hafiz, and the Sakontala. German literature became rich beyond all other literatures in translations and adaptations; but these, however precious, seemed always foreign and far-fetched acquisitions. We see the insurmountable difficulty that Goethe had to contend with, the want of the proper soil for poetry to grow in, and of the proper atmosphere to nourish it, when we remark that after all that he and others could do, German literature seems still, in comparison with other great literatures, somewhat pale, somewhat academic, and wanting in character.

In these circumstances, it was impossible for Goethe to rival Shakspeare in achieving, with triumphant ease, masterpiece after masterpiece. He had to begin by making his way out of the slough to firm land. His first works could not but be faulty, as, in fact, they are overstrained, mawkish, at times ridiculous. When this stage was passed, he would run the risk of seeming too little spontaneous, too much under the influence of foreign models. And throughout he would be under the necessity of putting forth great effort, of schooling himself with the most assiduous vigilance; and it was to be expected that he would sometimes fail, and that he would make many plans which he would afterward find himself unable to execute. On the other hand, in this struggle with difficulties he might achieve certain great results which are not achieved by the happier genius. Peter the Great was not a very successful general; he was terribly beaten by Charles XII. at Naiva, terribly beaten by the Turks on the Pruth; nevertheless, he created modern Russia. Something similar may be said of Goethe. 'Werther' is morbid, the 'Gross-Cophta' is tiresome; but modern German literature is itself in a great degree the production of Goethe. There is much felicity in the compliment which Byron paid him when he dedicated 'Sardanapalus' to 'the illustrious Goethe, who has created the literature of his country and illustrated that

of Europe.' This may seem an exaggerated expression; there are indeed few even of the greatest writers of whom it can be justly said that they created the literature of their country. Yet a very recent critic speaks almost as strongly when he writes of the publication of the first collected edition of Goethe's works, which began in 1788 (when the poet was not forty years of age), and was followed almost immediately by five volumes of new writings:

It is a mere historic fact that since its appearance by far the greatest part of what till then had been considered, and at that time was still considered, genuine poetry, has continually fallen more and more into oblivion, and what poetry appeared afterward, written by others, stood so evidently under the influence of this new sunrise of beauty, that even the most powerful and original of the new poets, even Schiller, could not convey the full impression of his greatness and individuality till he had made a loving study of Goethe's poetry and genius, and so recognized his own difference from Goethe, and, at the same time, his deep agreement with him.

But this, after all, concerns Germans rather than ourselves. For us the question is, What do his works contain? and not, What effect did they produce in Germany when they first appeared?

### The Emersonian Cult.

[From *The Spectator*.]

MR. JAMES BRADLEY THAYER has just republished a short account of a 'Western Journey with Emerson in 1871' (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), for the purpose of setting the few weighty remarks of Emerson's which, during that tour, he happened to remember and can record. Emerson, like all true products of the New England genius, was a very solitary kind of person, whose best sayings are short soliloquies—thoughts uttered in an atmosphere of loneliness. This is why, as it seems to us, Mr. Arnold was so happy in comparing Emerson to Marcus Aurelius—a comparison with which, to our great surprise, Mr. Thayer especially finds fault. 'Marcus Aurelius,' says Mr. Thayer, 'was not a man possessed, Emerson was.' We should have said, on the contrary, that there was just the same sort of spiritual faculty in both of them; that Emerson, indeed, was even more conscious of the long reaches of spiritual barrenness in his life than Marcus Aurelius; that some of his finest sayings were the sayings of a man far from conscious of being possessed—conscious, indeed, of utter solitude, and of a shrewd power of criticising even that which, in the unfortunate jargon of the transcendental period, he called 'the Over-soul' itself. Now and then, no doubt, the oracles, as one may call them, which came from Emerson, gave signs of a sort of inspiration. Such was the sentence which closed his anti-slavery oration on August 1st: 'The intellect with blazing eye, looking through history from the beginning onward, gazes on this blot, and it disappears. The sentiment of right, once very low and indistinct, but ever more articulate, inasmuch as it is the voice of the universe, pronounces "Freedom." The power that built this fabric of things, confirms it in the heart, and in the history of the first of August gave a sign to the ages of His will.' But that sense of a current bearing him away is, to our minds, rare in Emerson. The shrewd critic, carefully watching for the stamp of truth, keenly scanning even the fountain of inspiration to put himself on his guard against the illicit impulses it might chance to impose, is the true Emerson; and we hardly know how a man of so high a culture as Mr. Thayer, who has written this book on purpose to record the very few remarkable sayings which he brought away from close intercourse with Emerson, can write of him as if the most marked characteristic about Emerson were his inspiration.

We should say that Emerson in his nobleness, and simplicity, and graciousness, is still always the shrewd and vigilant watcher of his own highest impulses, who throws as much of the severe critic into his best sayings, even on what he himself might have called a religious subject, as he throws of the obedient and receptive attitude into them. The solitude which Marcus Aurelius got from his position in an empire in which he had no equal and few intimates, Emerson got from race, from temperament, from personal bias. There was something of stateliness in his simplicity, and something, too, of the higher kind of democratic pride. But there was no richness in his genius. The rays which came from him were fine and pure, but thin and straggling. He often describes himself as watching wistfully for months together for some thought of weight or power which still delays, and nothing seems to show him more simply in the light of this thin, transparent mood, than Mr. Thayer's recollections of Emerson's sayings during travel. There is something quite

pathetic in their fewness and their mildness. As Hawthorne once said of some remarks of his own, they appear to be almost written in invisible ink, which it would take a kindly heart of sympathy to make visible to the mass of mankind at all. Here is a remark made on the gigantic trees of the Yo Semité Valley: 'These trees,' said Mr. Emerson, 'have a monstrous talent for being tall'—which is quite a fair specimen of them. Here again is a rather more striking one, by way of protest against some of his companions who would climb one of the Yo Semité peaks, 'The Liberty Cap.' 'Why,' said he, 'will these madcap boys do that? What is the use of teasing the mind? It is only capable of a certain number of impressions.' The value of that remark, is the sobriety with which it throws cold water on the expectation that every new scene will bring with it a new mental experience. And there is the same critical shrewdness in the following passage on sources of inspiration: 'On one day a man is an angel in his ambition and his power; on the next he is a fool. One goes to bed at night not worth a sixpence, and rises a new man. Now, it is the aim of prudent living to find the sources of this inspiration—the *honest* sources of it—for one man seeks it in hashish, and so on. Well, sleep is one of these sources'—a very just remark, and shrewd in its way, but entirely critical. Equally critical is the next we have noted. 'What a range,' said Emerson, 'memory gives to man, so small a creature.' These are as characteristic as any remarks we can find in Mr. Thayer's little book, and hardly a sentence in it has the mark of the sort of inspiration which Mr. Thayer claims for Emerson as one 'possessed' of the divinity, nay, as one more possessed of the divinity than Marcus Aurelius. To our mind, Emerson is, at his best, the noble critic, very much awake even in his scanning of his own highest feelings. We heartily concur in what Mr. Thayer says of him, that he always seemed to have a 'certain great amplitude of time and leisure.' The sense of leisure, of cool and unhurried criticism, is in all Emerson's best essays and best sayings. But the sense of amplitude and leisure, though not surely inconsistent with a divine 'possession' is hardly its characteristic mark. Mr. Thayer quotes a sentence of Emerson's from the essay on 'Immortality,' which has also the sense in it of amplitude and leisure; but far too much of effort for the stamp of true inspiration. 'Meantime, the true disciples saw through the letter the doctrine of eternity, which dissolved the poor corpse and Nature also, and gave grandeur to the passing hour.' There we see the amplitude and leisure with which Emerson sometimes climbed on to his stilts, and craned up into a world with which he was not 'possessed,' but only desirous to be possessed.

On the whole, gracious as Emerson always is, pure as he always is, noble in tone as he always is, and spiritual in the peremptoriness of his discernment as he sometimes is, we cannot help thinking that the profound admiration for him which so many of his countrymen seem to feel, is more admiration for the representative quality of the thought than for the thought itself. They perceive justly enough that there is something of vastness, something of solitariness, something of peremptoriness—we do not mean in the despotic sense, but in the democratic sense—something of shrewdness, something of simplicity, something of wistfulness in him, which only America could have produced. He has more *will* than Hawthorne, more mass than Lowell, more mind than Longfellow, more spiritual life than Henry James, more catholicity than Parker. He is the product of American life, and he is great. But the last thing we should say of him is that his chief greatness lies in his being a 'man possessed.' On the contrary, if he were not the shrewd Yankee, America would not value him as she does. It is because he criticises so keenly the character of those minds which were 'possessed,' that Emerson takes his countrymen captive as he does. He is never keener than when he catches himself out, as it were, in trusting to the swing of an emotion to which, on reconsideration, he declines to trust himself. If he becomes transcendental, he does it consciously and somewhat awkwardly. 'You shall not speak ideal truth in prose uncontradicted: you may in verse,' wrote Emerson; and therefore when he wanted not to be challenged, he deliberately strove after verse for which he had little gift. But that is a highly self-conscious reason for writing verse which of itself betrays Emerson's bias. He had always one eye open in those more exalted moods in which he sometimes indulged, and with that eye the true New England watched himself. If he had been without it, the Americans would never have treasured him as they do. But the genius of a vigilant critic of himself, and the genius of a man 'possessed,' are hardly consistent. We believe that it was the former and not the latter which has secured for Emerson the pride which Americans feel in their most characteristic man of letters.

### Current Criticism

**ENJOYING MR. BURROUGHS:**—Mr. Burroughs says, in speaking of his various walks among the Virginia Hills, 'But whichever way I go, I am glad I came;' and the reader of his five charming little volumes may say, in similar phrase, 'Whichever essay I read, I am glad I read it,' for pleasanter reading to those who love the country, with all its enchanting sights and sounds, cannot be imagined. We make one exception to this praise, of which we will speak hereafter. We must describe these volumes as 'Popular Essays on Natural History,' for want of a better definition, but they are not, in truth, even popular essays on natural history; they are more like chats on all or any subjects connected with the country,—descriptions of natural scenery, little anecdotes of camping-out or farming life, of bird, beast, or fish. Mr. Burroughs is an American, so we have the additional enjoyment of comparing notes with him on the two countries, and we do it with a man both ready and eager to appreciate to the full all that is dear or beautiful to us in our mother-country. In his 'Mellow England' he gives us even more than our due when he speaks of our great simplicity in dress, tastes and manners—we wish we better deserved his praise, and that unnaturally small waists, high heels and absurd get-ups were as foreign to us as he imagines them to be,—of our sterling and unsurpassed excellence in home-life, and all the other good and sensible qualities he ascribes to us.—*The Spectator*.

**AN EASY DISMISSAL:**—'Phœbe,' is a Woman's Novel. It is a Sentimental Novel. It closely approaches the Religious Novel. It is a Religio-Sentimental Novel written by a woman. Just as there is an English lady who is known on her many title-pages only as The Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' so there is an American lady who is known on her many title-pages only as The Author of 'Rutledge.' And those who may remember 'Rutledge' know just what to expect when they take up 'Phœbe,' and they will not be disappointed. Many minor criticisms suggest themselves to us, but perhaps this major criticism will suffice.—*The Saturday Review*.

**MR. GRANT WHITE'S GRIEVANCE:**—Some people who have a grievance are shy of making it known lest it be considered an evidence of weakness, as showing that they have neither strength to put right what is amiss, nor yet to resign themselves to it when they find it inevitable. But Mr. White has no such hesitation, for the volume before us is evidently written with the express object of remonstrating against an injustice commonly done by this country to himself and his compatriots. His grievance is that a vulgar, slangy, unmannerly, whittling, free-and-easy ruffian, who chews and spits wherever he may be, speaks through his nose, and always carries a bowie-knife and pistol, is almost universally believed in England to be the typical Yankee, whilst men who behave themselves decently and are fair representatives of well-bred, well-educated Americans, are passed by without remark. Mr. White allows that the original of the English ideal actually does exist, but maintains it to be a rare article, only discoverable in the wildest and most out-of-the-way districts; and he points out that the enormous size of America makes it as unfair to pronounce upon national character from a stray specimen of this kind, as it would be to judge Englishmen by a sample from Botany Bay or some similar remote colony.—*The Spectator*.

**THE PLEASURES OF BOOKSELLING IN RUSSIA:**—The measure which English teetotalers would deal out to sellers of drink is meted by the Government of Russia to sellers of books. In that country literature cannot be reached without a special license, and a special license is hard to obtain. In the whole of the Empire there are only five or six firms who hold patents from the Crown for the sale of books. The rest are simply tolerated; they merely hold permits granted by the local police, and revocable at their pleasure. It is a strict condition that they deal only in books which have been officially approved. If they are found in possession of any other, their permits are cancelled and themselves prosecuted. Thus, while they may sell the first volume of Lecky's 'History of Rationalism in Europe,' which was sanctioned by the censors, the second, which has been placed on the *index expurgatorius*, they may not sell. Should a publisher desire to bring out any sort of serial issue, if it be but a monthly magazine of stories for children, he must undergo a searching and insidious examination as to his religious and political opinions, and if these are not found satisfactory, the application is peremptorily refused. The police may, moreover, visit his shop whenever it seems good to them, and turn his stock topsy-turvy in a search for contraband literature.—*The Spectator*.



MR. CURTIS ON MATTHEW ARNOLD:—Mr. Arnold is especially an author who should be read, and the disparity between his easy mastery in his natural position as an essayist and the inadequacy of his public address explains much of the kind of disappointment which, with all the admiration and even affection with which he was regarded, he produced upon this side of the water. The image of a cultivated scholar, who, with incomparable felicity of expression and an unsurpassed lightness of exact touch, poises and points and shades and exquisitely colors his thought, so that the whole effect is that of smiling supremacy and unchallenged command, was quite lost in the public speaker, although the substance of the discourse, as in the opening of the paper upon Emerson, and in the motive and treatment of that upon Numbers, was very characteristic. Mr. Arnold, indeed, is purely a man of letters, versed in the great works of literature, a sagacious observer of the currents of cultivated thought in his own time, a critic of large and generous sympathies, with complete intellectual independence in moral discussion, judging literary and mental achievement by well-defined canons. He is master of the art of arts in literary and moral criticism, the art of 'putting things,' which is simply the gift of saying what he has to say in a manner which commands attention.—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

### Notes

—THE fine poem printed on the first page of this week's CRITIC is not only dated, but was actually written, on Dr. Holmes's birthday, having been composed while Mr. Lowell was on his way down to Nottingham, to visit friends. Only the pressure of public business prevented its being written in time for the 'Holmes number' of this journal.

—The first part of Admiral Porter's novel, 'Allan Dare and Robert le Diable,' announced for Sept. 15, will not be published until about the 23d inst.

—The next volume of the English Men-of-Letters Series (Harpers) will be 'Coleridge,' by H. D. Traill.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will open their series of the Elizabethan Dramatists with the works of Christopher Marlowe, in three volumes, edited by A. H. Bullen.

—The poems of Dr. O. W. Holmes, illustrated by at least a dozen well-known American artists, will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in time for the holidays. The poems selected for illustration were chosen by Dr. Holmes himself, who has written an introductory poem especially for this book.

—Mr. Andrew Lang is preparing another volume of poems, intended for England only, as it will include pieces already published in the American 'Ballades and Verses Vain.'

—A special double number of *The English Illustrated* will be issued in December. The price of this number will be doubled also, but even then it will only be thirty cents.

—Townsend MacCoun, of this city, will have ready at the end of the present month a 'Cyclopædia of Practical Floriculture.' It is a bulky volume, costing (according to style of binding) five, six, or seven dollars, and it can be obtained only through agents, or by addressing the publisher himself.

—Frank R. Stockton has a characteristic sketch in the current *Independent*. 'The House of Ransom,' it is called.

—Papers read before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy by Babu Ram Chandra Bose, Dr. Deems, and Prof. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, will be printed in the October *Christian Thought*.

—Rev. Dr. Samuel F. Smith, author of many hymns and of several volumes of sermons and essays on religious subjects, celebrated his golden wedding at Newton Centre, Mass., on Tuesday evening of this week. Dr. Smith is best known by the national hymn, 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' which he wrote in 1832, and which is referred to in Dr. Holmes's familiar poem, 'The Boys':

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—  
Just read on his medal 'My country,' 'of thee!'

—Four Calendars for 1885 are announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Holmes Calendar—the first ever made from the wise and witty writings of 'the Autocrat'—has been designed by Miss Dora Wheeler; the Emerson is a reproduction of an original design by Miss Florence Taber; the Longfellow is an allegorical picture by Frederic Crowninshield; while the Whittier is the handiwork of T. de Thulstrup.

—The holiday book of James R. Osgood & Co. this year will be Scott's 'Marmion,' with more than a hundred illustrations by American artists.

—The latest issues in Mr. David Douglas's delightful shilling series of American authors are Mr. Harris's 'Mingo,' Mr. Stockton's 'Lady and the Tiger,' and Mr. Lathrop's 'Echo of Passion.' Mr. Douglas also announces 'The Crime of Henry Vane' and 'Dr. Sevier.'

—Mr. Edmund Gosse is preparing for publication a new volume of his poems, but it will not appear until after he has completed his four-volume edition of Gray.

—A note signed M. H. B. calls our attention to the fact that Clarke Russell's 'John Holdsworth, First Mate,' recently issued in the Franklin Square Library, and generally reviewed as Mr. Russell's latest work, was in reality first published, anonymously, in the conventional three-volume English form, in 1878. Some critics have noted its inferiority to its author's (supposed) earlier writings, but our correspondent prefers it to most of the latter, because it 'was not so liberally sprinkled with nautical terms—all Greek to me,—and did not bristle quite so fiercely with marline-spikes and belaying pins.' 'Aside from this negative merit,' moreover, 'the earlier novel seemed more compact and more human, and gave signs of a reserve of strength in the writer.'

—Mr. Laurence Hutton is in London, putting the finishing touches to his book on the homes and haunts of famous men in the city on the Thames. He will not return home until November.

—Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik is the author of a book called 'Plucky Boys,' which D. Lothrop & Co. will publish soon.

—Mr. E. P. Roe has just finished a new novel, 'A Young Girl's Wooing,' which Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in October. F. Warne & Co. will publish it in England by arrangement with the author. Mr. Roe has another story under way, which will be published serially in *The Current*, of Chicago, and yet another, for children, which will appear in *St. Nicholas*.

—*The Voice* is the name of a weekly paper, favoring prohibition, which Funk & Wagnalls will issue till after election. The eight numbers will cost 25 cents.

—A pretty little pocket album for the mental photographs which have become 'the rage' lately is issued by Thomas Whittaker, with the title 'Queries and Confessions.' The queries are on the left page, space being left on the opposite page for the confessions, while delicate little illustrations of more than a hundred varieties of grasses make a graceful decoration.

—Some of the popular writers who will contribute to *St. Nicholas* during the coming year are J. T. Trowbridge, Frank R. Stockton, E. P. Roe, 'H. H.,' Charles G. Leland and Miss L. M. Alcott. A story of Texas, by the late Rev. W. M. Baker, will also be published.

—The Central Council of the Charity Organization Society (79 Fourth-ave, New York) makes its second annual report in a valuable and interesting pamphlet. It is stated that since July, 1883, a special officer has been dealing with street beggars, following up all persons asking alms on the street with a view to providing for them if worthy and removing them if impostors. The value of such a system of organized charity is incalculable.

—We learn from the cable that the first volume of the Dictionary and National Biography is in press. When completed it will comprise fifty volumes.—Robert Stevenson has finished his novel, 'Prince Otto.'—Edmund Yates's 'Reminiscences' are in press.

—E. W. L. sends this note from Washington:—In reading 'John Bull et son Ile' (you will think, perhaps, at rather a late day), I find that it places Gooper in a list of prominent English novelists! It is strange that the mistake has not before been noticed by the numerous readers of that spicy book. If Mr. O'Rell professes to have a knowledge of English literature—to be critic, instructor, censor, judge and teacher—amusing, entertaining and instructive though he may be, he has no right to make a mistake of this sort. If an artist sends a picture to an exhibition, in these days, when artistic perfection is the rule, surely we cry out loudly on discovering the slightest error in color or drawing; and would not O'Rell himself crush under his brazen wheel any writer who would put Balzac among the Prussians, call Lord Byron a Greek, or give Charles Kingsley to America? His knowledge of everything he remarks upon, or criticises with that caustic pen of his, ought to be at least as great as his impertinence.

—Robert Buchanan writes to the *Tribune* to protest against a New York letter in the *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*, in which he is accused of having 'imbecilely' attacked the poets of this land. 'My chief offence,' says Mr. Buchanan, 'appears to be, that I praised, perhaps over-zealously, an American who still remains, in my opinion, one of the greatest and strongest men of the century—Mr. Walt Whitman,—and that, in so doing, I underestimated the more popular singers of this much-singing country. It is quite necessary to explain, therefore, that my glowing admiration of Whitman has never in any way qualified my respectful appreciation of those writers who, while lacking his originality, have won sympathetic readers wherever the English tongue is spoken. Again and again I have written in the warmest terms of Emerson, and compared him favorably with our own Carlyle. I have edited an edition of Longfellow, and sounded his praises roundly. Whittier and Bryant have always had my homage, and I was among the first to welcome the fresh and sunny genius of Bret Harte.'

—Macmillan & Co. announce a new edition of Charles Kingsley's poems, with several interesting additions. The new novels on the list of this firm are 'Judith Shakspeare,' by William Black, now running through *Harper's Monthly*; 'Sir Tom,' by Mrs. Oliphant; and 'Ramona,' by Mrs. Helen Jackson, which has been running as a serial in *The Christian Union*.

—Albert R. Frey sends from the Astor Library some specimen pages of 'Masques: A Dictionary of Pseudonyms,' now nearly complete—a volume which is to embrace between 14,000 and 15,000 titles, and aims to give, as far as known, the false names under which American, English, French, German, Dutch and Spanish authors have written. Mr. Frey is desirous of receiving from all authors who have employed pseudonyms a statement of both their real and false names. 'No name—and especially no American name—can be so obscure as to be unwelcome,' he says.

—Mr. Julian B. Arnold, son of Edwin Arnold, is now in this country, superintending the publication of 'The Arnold Birthday-book,' edited by his sister, and composed of selections from the works of their father. Some of the matter used is new and expressly prepared. D. Lothrop & Co. will publish the book.

—Nordhoff's 'Politics for Young Americans'—a handbook which is none the less valuable for being the work of an author of foreign birth—is re-issued by the Harpers in paper covers. An appendix contains the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address. This standard work should be read by every young man who expects to cast his first vote in November.

—W. M. G. writes: How was Mr. Sheldon the 'projector' of *The Galaxy* (which had the not 'short' life of fifteen years), inasmuch as it was first published (as well as edited) by the Brothers Church?

—Miss E. W. Bellamy is a little anxious lest she be thought to have claimed the authorship of 'Miss Ludington's Sister.' A footnote to Mr. Howells's review of the book in the August *Century* attributed it to E. W. Bellamy; and a newspaper in noticing the August *Manhattan* spoke of the sketch, 'Tilly Bones,' in that magazine as being by 'E. W. Bellamy (who has lately won reputation as the author of the clever novel "Miss Ludington's Sister.")' Yet Mr. Howells himself correctly assigned the authorship to Mr. Edward Bellamy. Miss Bellamy, I may say, *did* write 'Tilly Bones,' and (in the *May Atlantic*) 'At Bent's Hotel.'

—George P. Lathrop contributes to the October number of *The Art Amateur* 'Glimpses of the Tile Club,' illustrated by sketches in charcoal, pen and pencil, by Arthur Quartley, Elihu Vedder, E. A. Abbey, Earl Shinn, Reinhart, Dielman and Sarony. Theodore Child begins a series of illustrated articles on 'Artistic Book-binding,' and Clarence Cook and Roger Rior-don continue their articles on 'The Modern Home,' taking up 'The Library' this month.

—The October number of *The Century* contains a section of Egypt through the Fayoum, illustrating Mr. Cope Whitehouse's discovery and projected restoration of Lake Moeris. It has also an important bearing upon the construction of the Pyramids of Gizeh, which, as we have previously stated, Mr. Whitehouse believes to have been natural hills reconstructed or rebuilt. This section shows that the uniform statement of the ancient historians that the loftiest pyramids in Egypt (600 feet) were formed out of an island in Lake Moeris is entirely in accord with the geological conditions. At the recent meeting of the British Association at Montreal, these geographical considerations received the approval of Sir H. Lefroy and Mr. Trelawney Saunders. At Phila-

delphia Mr. Whitehouse exhibited, by lantern slides, the exact structure of the Pyramids and their relation to the high plateaux between which they lie. It can no longer be doubted that there are strong reasons for assuming that 'the hill on the brow of which the Pyramids stand' (Strabo) was once several hundred feet higher. The destruction of a rock-hewn temple in such a hill by 'backstopping,' or quarrying upward through the hill, would singularly harmonize with Greek and Arab traditions and explain, in a natural way, the words of Diodorus and Pliny. In bringing this matter before the American Association, Mr. Whitehouse has manifested a desire to submit his opinions and facts to rigid scrutiny. These have, however, been before the scientific world in such definite form since they first received in 1882 the countenance of Prof. Perrot and Dr. Birch that they may be considered as in a fair way to pass now from mere suggestions to the rank of accepted facts.

### The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

**No. 795.**—1. Who wrote 'One of the sweet old chapters?' 2. What was the first name of the Brennan who wrote 'Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love?'

HANOVER, N. H.

E. L. G.

**No. 796.**—Where can I get a complete list of all translations into English of Tourguéneff's writings?

PORTLAND, OREGON.

C. E. B.

**No. 797.**—Will some one kindly help me to find some verses which I remember to have read in my school-days, and whose authorship I have forgotten? The first and last stanzas are as follows:

The rain fell in torrents, the thunder rolled deep,  
And silenced the cataracts' roar,  
But neither the night nor the tempest could keep  
The warrior chieftain on shore.

The thunder was hushed and the battlefield stained  
When the sun met the war-wearied eye,  
But no trace of the host or the chieftain remained,  
Yet his bow is still seen in the sky.

NEW YORK CITY.

W. B. H.

**No. 798.**—Can you name me the sources where I can get the following in New York without delay: 1. A work on lithography, either in German or English. 2. 'The Art of Fiction,' by Walter Besant. 3. What number of *The Century* contains Mr. Howells's essay on Mr. James? 4. What number of *The Atlantic* prints Mr. Warner's essay, referred to in *The Critic* of Sept. 13, and what number of *The Century* brought Mr. James's reply? 5. Is any printed copy to be bought of Mr. Hawthorne's and Mr. Cable's sayings about fiction before the Nineteenth Century Club? 6. What number of *The Pall Mall Gazette* contains Mr. Lang's criticism on Mr. Besant's lecture? 7. Where can I get Mr. James Payn's 'Some Private Views'? 8. Where is *Longman's* published, and who sells it? 9. In which number of *Longman's* can I find Mr. R. L. Stevenson's paper on 'Romance?'

HOBOKEN, N. J.

G. B.

[1. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives a good deal of practical information on the subject. 2. Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. 3. In London. International News Co., Beekman Street, New York.]

#### ANSWERS.

**No. 720.**—There has, as yet, been but one edition of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham's 'Prairie Land.' 'My Early Days' has appeared in two, the title in one being changed to 'Eliza Woodson.' One edition only of her novel 'The Ideal Attained' has been published, and one of 'Woman and her Era.' Probably her lectures, which have never been published, would attain more general popularity than her published works. It is difficult to account for the fact that her memory has been so entirely neglected by the public, while many with gifts of no account compared with hers have had their various deeds and undertakings recorded by loving and appreciative friends. It is to be hoped that some biography may yet be given to the world, of a woman who was hardly second to Elizabeth Fry in her efforts to improve the condition of female prisoners, and who also contributed a goodly amount of literary work to the public.

MILTON ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.

S. H. H.

**No. 760.**—I think that a translation of Thibaut's 'On Purity in the Musical Art' can be obtained of G. Schirmer, Union Square, this city. If I am not mistaken, it is a later translation and a cheaper book than the one referred to by Mr. Horace Kephart, of Cornell University.

NEW YORK CITY.

H. T. DUFFIELD.

**IMPORTANT.**—When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot. Six hundred Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.